

Eskimo Bird

Often
when I fall asleep
I feel under me
the unsteady flight
of the large eskimo bird
which like a hesitating airplane
searches for his course.

I lie upon his back
between his wings,
but you,
an animal who can take many forms,
sit on the tail of the bird
and fly along,
bending over me,
and my breath
does not escape you.

Macabre Race

You spoke of the burning of ships
-- mine were already ashes --
you dreamed of weighing anchor
-- I was already on the high seas --
of home in a new land
-- I was already buried
in unfamiliar earth --
and a tree with a strange name,
a tree like all trees,
grew out of me,
as out of the dead
no matter where.

-- Hilde Domin

-- translated by Alexander Taylor
and Adeline Theis

Useful Information:.....
¶ Victor Lazarow is opening A Book, Etcetera, a shop of little
press mags & books at 416 S. 41st St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.
¶ GRoNK is issuing all sorts of better booklets: Nelson Ball's
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Cluster Pome, bp Nichol's Nights on Prose Mountain, all fm.
Ganglia, 29 Gerrard West, Toronto, Ont. Canada ¶ Poetry
Letter, 12s/12 issues carries little press news, write to 32
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